

There are strong indications that at least one and perhaps two trunk lines of railway will be constructed across southern Arizona within the next year or two, and that one or both will traverse the Gila valley for a large portion of the distance. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road is seeking a connection between its eastern and Pacific coast systems and the nearest route suggests the certainty of the completion of the short gap existing across southern Arizona and California to San Diego. The Chicago & Rock Island railroad is also reaching out for a direct short line to the Pacific coast and its general direction gives a hope that it will seek a feasible route from Albuquerque, New Mexico, through southern Arizona to the Colorado river at or near Yuma, or perhaps some distance above; hence to a connection with the San Diego & Cuyamaca railroad now under construction from San Diego eastward. The latter road has recently passed into the possession of a strong eastern company, but it is not known at this time what company it is, yet it is hinted that the Chicago & Rock Island company is its present owner. No railroad can afford to traverse the Gila valley without touching Florence, whose growing interests demand better means of transportation, and it is reasonable to believe that at least one road and likely two will be built through this place in the near future.

The press exceeds the bounds of its license when it sounds so wild and senseless an alarm as that given by the New York Mail and Express, published in another column under the caption "Do you want war?" The exercise of calmer judgment will show the absurdity of such foolish and incendiary words for, though all that is there charged against the south being true, the cause is entirely inadequate for a resort to another sanguinary strife. When scheming politicians are not upon the political battlefield and defeated with their own chosen weapons, they should accept the result with a better grace. The laws provide ample remedy for the evils charged, and when the crime becomes so corrupt that prejudice and sectionalism prevails over justice, then will it be time enough to indulge in revolutionary talk. We cannot believe that all the spirit of justice and integrity existing in the country is found north of Mason and Dixon's line, and if gross political wrongs have been perpetrated in the south, its honorable citizens will surely remedy them for their own welfare if for no other reason. The New York Mail and Express is unduly excited and its wild words do not meet with a hearty response among the people who realize so well the meaning of sectional strife.

The copious fall of rain that has recently blessed this portion of Arizona gives promise of an abundant season both for the farmers and the stockmen. On the ranges the grass is already in excellent condition and in many places along the San Pedro and the valleys adjacent thereto the alfalfa already covers the ground with a heavy growth of splendid feed. The farmers whose fields have been sown to small grain and grass may expect an abundant harvest, as the warm weather succeeding the rains has forced a growth that places them far beyond the possibility of even a partial failure. It is evident that the several years of drought have terminated and a series of years of plenty is at hand, which is a matter of great rejoicing for the people of Arizona.

The sudden advance of the price of butter in the eastern states, incident to a scarcity of the article, confirms the lesson of our experience, that the oleaginous product is constantly growing stronger and will eventually become able to dictate its own terms to the helpless consumers. We have the prevailing high prices will stimulate the erection of creameries in Arizona where a good market exists at remunerative prices for all that can be produced. The season for its manufacture here is from October to May, including both months, giving the dairy animals a rest through the summer months. There is big money in the business here and it is strange that so little has heretofore been done in this line.

The Florence Canal Company is exhibiting a highly commendable spirit towards consumers of water and has proposed to meet all parties more or less half way who are struggling to improve their lands along the canal. The company has made a permanent investment and is disposed to do business on a fair and amicable basis and establish such cordial relations with consumers that no discord will arise in its transactions with them. It does not expect to accumulate enormous wealth at the expense of the people, but will co-operate with them so far as may be right and proper, to develop their properties and bring them under profitable cultivation.

Congress resumed its labors last Monday and President Cleveland's message again urged upon its attention the necessity of a reduction in the tariff duties. In fact the message treated chiefly upon this subject. It is probable that the senate bill that was partially perfected at the close of the late session, will be taken up and pushed through to a final conclusion.

The Reymert mines at De Noon are proving themselves to be among the great bullion producers of the country and the developments so far show them to contain bodies of ore that will keep a large mill busy for many years to come. Their bullion output from January 7th to December 3rd, of the present year, amounted to 69,600 ounces fine silver, notwithstanding the many interruptions occasioned by constant improvement being made in the plant.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report just made, recommends the suspension of the further coinage of silver. The mining sections of the great west have decided at the polls that silver shall remain a part of our national currency even to a greater extent than at present, by relegating its enemies to private life, and the recommendation of the secretary of the Treasury is so many wasted words.

This planet Mars is becoming a popular object of editorial comment in the metropolitan press. It is so easy to write learned disquisitions upon a subject that neither the editor nor the readers have the most remote conception of, and the statements made can neither be verified nor contradicted.

The Mineral Belt railroad, extending south from Flagstaff about forty miles, has reached another stage in its career of vicissitudes by being sold by the sheriff on execution of a judgment for indebtedness. The price paid was \$40,000.

The newspapers needn't worry about what Mr. Cleveland will do after March 4th. He has already planned a trip out west to see where the explosion took place on November 6th.

OPINION is divided as to whether the election of Harrison or the organization of the local Good Templars' lodge is responsible for such glorious pluvial visitations.

The New York Mail and Express's mouth is bigger than its sword.

An Anecdote of Longfellow.

A New York paper, in some pleasant gossip about Mr. Longfellow, tells a story of the way he treated the charges of plagiarism against the Indian poem "Hiawatha," in Kalevala, the national epic of Finland. When they began to appear, he showed a profound indifference on the subject; but before long his publisher thought best to call his attention to them, and suggested a reply from the poet be written. "Well, I'll think of it," said Mr. Longfellow, and there the matter dropped. The press continued to echo and re-echo the charge; and the publisher again called on the poet, saying, "Really, Mr. Longfellow, I think it high time this charge was answered." Again Longfellow said, "I'll see about it," adding quietly, "How is the book selling?" "Oh, wonderfully well," said the publisher. "Better than my other books?" "Oh, much better," he named the figures. Shortly after this interview (Mr. Longfellow still keeping silence), the Tribune came out with almost a page of broadside on the subject. The publisher was now really excited. He called on the poet again. "I will not do," he said very decidedly, "to let this thing go on any longer." "How does the book sell?" asked Longfellow. "Amazingly—the sale is already equal to the combined sales of your other books." "Then," said Longfellow, "I think we ought to be thankful to those critics. Let them talk. Seems to me they are giving us a large amount of gratuitous advertising. Better let them alone." And let alone they were. The fact that at that time there was no existing translation into English which would enable readers to make comparisons, rendered Mr. Longfellow's silence comparatively safe. Now that a complete translation is published in fine and popular form by ALDEN, readers will have a justifiable curiosity to investigate, and learn wherein the resemblance lies. And it is true in comparing originals and translations, it will be found that great merit is of Mr. Longfellow's work, and characteristic of his own individuality. The Kalevala is a work of almost unbroken originality.

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Do You Want War?

New York, November 20.—The following editorial in the Mail and Express, undoubtedly written by Colonel F. Shepard, has excited the democrats and been telegraphed all over the country, especially the south. It is headed: "Do You Want War?" and says: "The democrats are trying to steal the Federal House of Representatives. No one doubts it, nor denies it. To-day news comes that they have robbed West Virginia of a duly elected republican congressman. They will try to rob Louisiana. They have cheated a North Carolina republican out of his seat in Congress, from a district which is notoriously republican by 8000 majority. They have given certificates to more than half a score of democrats whom the people have defeated. The country is in danger, and we are speaking soberly, with self-restraint, but in a terrible way, when we sound this note of warning, that the democrats shall not be permitted to consummate this outrage. 'This country is not the home of thieves and things and plunderers. It is not to be controlled by traitors. It is not to have its suffrage and its freedom destroyed by violence. The democratic party will not be permitted to steal the government any more than they were permitted to break it up by force of arms, and crimes against the ballot-box will be put down by the same military power that crushed the life out of the rebellion. 'The next war will not be begun by the north. It will come from the south. The clash of sounding arms that will next be heard, the weapons of hundreds of thousands of loyal northern men who will not permit the stealing of their birthright. The laws of the United States shall not be made by political thieves. The men who hold the seats of the people's representatives shall be duly chosen. Let the democratic party look to it that they save the country from the war that will surely follow their theft of the House of Representatives. The south had best take warning. Its outrages upon white and negro voters have been tolerated too long, but they cannot and will not be permitted to change the political complexion of the popular branch of congress. Let the democrats keep their foul hands off the most sacred institutions of the nation. We have enough of them. We have driven them out of power. They shall not gain by crime what they have lost by the ballot box. If they go on in their thievish efforts they will soon hear the approaching march of a northern army that will make war upon the men who set aside the people's verdict by crime. 'Do the democrats realize what that kind of a war will mean? Do they understand that it will be waged in every city and hamlet of the land; that its life-destriving and property-destroying power will have had no equal in the world's history of war? Does the south want any more lead and steel? Has it not had enough of armies tramping its crops into dust and its people into poverty? If it does not want war with all its horrors, let it cease its efforts to steal the House of Representatives, for if the democrats do not stop now, at once, in their criminal conspiracy, there will be war, and the war begun and carried on without the aid and energy of the north.

Below Sea Level.
What Well Borers in the Desert Have to Encounter in the Desert.
Mr. George Durbrow, of Saltion, in the city to have his patented hydraulic well borer perfected at the Southern Pacific shops. Mr. Durbrow has had a long experience in the well boring business in the Southern Pacific and his experiences in that line have placed him in possession of valuable and interesting information. Speaking of well boring at Indio, which is situated twenty feet below the sea level, and is one of the most interesting places for geologists, he said to a Herald man yesterday: "We went down 756 feet with one well and struck a stream of water that flowed 18,000 gallons an hour. The company was not satisfied with this, though, and while trying to develop the water casing was filled with sand, and has been left ever since. We found large alternate layers of sand and clay all the way down with occasionally some gravel. At 16 feet we struck good surface water and at 17 feet we struck the first flow of artesian water, which only came to within a few feet of the surface however. The water was well boring down there at that time we were down 300 feet we encountered a sand which at that depth will work its way up 50 or 60 feet. At a depth of 600 feet this quick sand marked up from 150 to 200 feet, and would throw our tools up as it flowed. Of course we had to get this out before we could go any further, and you can imagine what a terrible expense we were operating under. I tell you that after sinking a casing we found that we had to cut out enough sand to have put to a depth of 6,000 feet if we had had no opposition.—L. A. Herald.

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Globe Items.

(Silver Belts.)
The summit of the Pinal is tipped with white, the first snow of the season.

Fifteen oaks and freight teams, en route to Globe, crossed the Gila river at San Carlos on Friday.

Dr. Alex. Trippel has again been commissioned by the Treasury Department to collect the statistics of the production of gold and silver in Arizona for the year 1888.

From Andy Banish, Superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson mine, at McMillen, we learn that two pockets of rich ore were struck in the property last week, one near the surface and the other on the tunnel level.

Globe experienced the inconvenience of being without a mail on Wednesday, caused by the rise of the Gila, which prevented the stage crossing at Riverside. James Wiley, driver of the stage, by making a long detour, was enabled to cross the angry stream over the bridge near the San Carlos camp. The mail carriers, less venturesured their hard earned dollars on the chances of a few shots. The conditions were 200 yards, off-hand, three shots for a dollar. The record shows that 228 shots were fired and thirteen turkeys killed. The successful contestants were Willis Middle, who secured four turkeys; Frank Beston, three; Frank Jullit, two; W. E. Spencer, two; Frank Hammon, one and Hyman Sultan, one. The best shot was Charles Banker who furnished the turkeys and got away with the receipts. The key put up netted \$14, and the last, after 45 shots had been fired, which exhausted all the ammunition on the ground, was reclaimed by Mr. Banker, and probably furnished the chief dish of his Thanksgiving dinner.

The Silver King of Arizona.

The New York Mining and Financial Record says: The attention of Eastern shareholders of the Silver King mine is again called to the necessity of their part for some concert of action in order to assure the best possible business management of that important property. The mine, whose shares have recently been sold at this market as low as eighty cents, or at the rate of \$80,000 for the entire property; a property which in the last four months has actually turned out more than 350,000 ounces of fine silver, and that has a mill and other machinery of the most improved character—with all the necessary hoisting machinery or surface improvements which could not be duplicated for less than \$200,000. This property, it is to be remembered, does not consist of three claims each owned by its own shaft and properly equipped with efficient hoisting machinery. As we have unabated faith in the unexhausted underground wealth of the property coupled with a large area of virgin country, and a large majority of the shares are now owned here in the East, we feel constrained to say that those most interested pecuniarily in it should take possession of its management at the next election. And this we say without meaning to arraign or disparage the business character of those who have hitherto controlled it, and with whom our intercourse has been pleasant.

Ben S. Collins, Esq. in Luck.

Ben S. Collins, Esq., is a richer man by about \$15,000 than he was some two weeks since, he was about to go aboard his team to start for home when he was approached and asked to buy a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery for the drawing to take place on Oct. 9th. Ben was urged so hard to purchase he passed out a dollar and took the chance. On Thursday morning, on looking over a Boston daily giving the result of the drawing, it was seen that ticket No. 46,753 had drawn the cash prize of \$200,000, and as he held one-twentieth of the ticket he was thus entitled to \$15,000. The ticket was given to the First Nat'l Bank for collection. Mr. Collins received the draft on a New York bank by last night's express.—Slovakian [Mc.] Reporter, Oct. 25. See advertisement for Drawing of Dec. 18th, when the First Capital Prize is \$600,000.

Measurement of Water.

The Mining and Engineering Journal has the following to say about methods of measurement of water taken from irrigating canals: A cubic foot per second is becoming the module in Colorado, and is that volume of water which will flow, during the irrigation season, through an office one foot square. It is sufficient to irrigate about fifty-four acres.

An "Inch" of Water means the "statutory inch" i. e., that volume of water which will flow in a second of time through an inch square orifice, under five inch pressure.

Water is generally considered, in Colorado, sufficient to irrigate one acre; but it is an inaccurate term and is fast falling into disuse.

The A. O. U. W.

The following from the annual report of the Supreme Recorder, Ancient Order of United Workmen, presents a general summary for the year 1887: Total number of lodges on Jan. 1, 1888 3,468 Total increase of lodges for the year 1887 240 Total number of lodges, January 1, 1888 3,708 Total number of members in 1887 128,327 Total number of members in 1888 142,200 Amount of beneficiary assessment for 1887 \$435,265.00 Amount paid on death losses 2,463,297.00 Death losses paid since the organization of the order to Jan. 1, 1888 \$20,700,000.00 Death rate per 1000 members, for 1887 6.92 Average yearly rate for 2 years (1887 to 1887, inc.) 17.18-19 Average number of assessments, 1887 8.24 Average yearly number of assessments 8.24 Average cost per \$1000 protection (exclusive of death loss), for 1887 8.37 Average cost per \$1000 protection, exclusive of death loss, for 2 years 8.37

The 10,000 has finished printing 10,000 folders setting forth the many advantages of Grant county, especially in the vicinity of Lordsburg. The work was ordered by the enterprising citizens of Lordsburg. The folder is well written and cannot but have the desired effect in attracting attention and securing new settlers for the section of the country. If every town in every county in the territory would follow the example of Lordsburg it would be but a few months until our country rapidly settled up with new and enterprising citizens. This is the only way to build up a country. If people never hear of us they certainly will not visit us.—Silver City Enterprise.

Horses For Sale.

A lot of good work horses for sale at Drew & Baunick's stables, Florence.

A Visit to the Territorial Prison.

A few days ago the Sentinel reporter accompanied up to the Territorial Prison and gathered the following items:

The prison sewer is completed with the exception of making the last connection and the completion of the flushing pipe at the water tank. The work has been well and carefully done. Great pains have been taken in making and laying the heavy pipe, which is twelve inches in diameter, and all who have examined the work pronounce it first-class in every respect. The sewer is over two thousand feet in length and the discharge pipe is about two hundred feet below the railroad bridge. Every precaution that experience could suggest has been taken in the construction of this great improvement in the sewerage of the penitentiary.

The prisoners are all busily and industriously engaged and seem to be a healthy and hard-working set of men, and as a rule most of them appear to be quite cheerful.

Another great improvement noted is the substituting of artificial stone floors in the dining room, kitchen and corridors in place of pine flooring. The advantages of stone floors are many, not the least of which is the easily taking much more space than the pine floors, and the work is being pushed as expeditiously as possible.

The shops continue to turn out all necessary clothing, underwear and shoes, the furniture, and of good workmanship and quality. The electric light plant continues in successful operation, and the water supply is abundant and pure. The food of the prisoners is wholesome, plentiful and well cooked. In fact it takes much more space than three columns permit, to describe one-half of what can be seen in the Territorial prison of Arizona, the model penal institution of the Pacific coast.

The discipline is all that could be desired, yet the prisoners are treated humanely, but they know that all the prison rules must be obeyed.

The management of the prison is in good hands, as John H. Behan, the superintendent, has a deserved reputation as a firm and successful executive officer; one who is always at his post, ready and willing to do his duty. Superintendent Behan is ably assisted by Assistant Superintendent B. F. Hartlee, a well known and capable officer. The guards are all attentive and active in the discharge of their duties, and in fact Arizona has reason to feel proud of the Territorial Prison.—Yuma Sentinel.

Mohawk Canal Sold.

Hon. J. W. Dorrington, President of the Mohawk Canal Company, received a telegram from San Francisco on Tuesday informing him that the South Gila Development Company had purchased the canal, held by Hon. Geo. W. Norton and Chas. E. Spencer in the Mohawk Canal. The gentlemen constituting the South Gila Development Company are Col. F. H. Woodworth and W. E. Pope of St. Louis; Robt. McPherson, of McPherson, Minn.; O. E. Norton, of Christoval, Texas; C. W. Norton, of Yuma, Ariz.; G. W. Cameron, of Phoenix and G. W. Cameron. The company is a strong one and has heavy financial backing. The new owners have taken possession of the canal, and will push work as rapidly as possible. The force on the canal will be doubled and the great waterway hurried to completion. A large number of settlers will arrive within a few weeks, and inside of six months every 160 acres of land will be farmed by immigrants from the East, who will be sent here by the South Gila Development company. There is no estimating the value and importance of this sale to Yuma county. The new contractors are men of experience and energy and will leave no stone unturned to make the enterprise a magnificent success. The South Gila Development company is now about to become what nature intended it should be—a lovely and attractive garden and wealth producing orchard. In that rich valley no snow, ice or blizzards will ever disturb the hardy husbandman, and a number of bills and checks, all the fruits of the tropics grow and produce in luxuriant profusion.—Yuma Sentinel.

A Very Dead Coyote.

The day before yesterday a Mexican freighter, who had loaded for the Vulture mine, and had already reached the vicinity of "Nigger Wells," on the Vulture road, finding the road too heavy for his team, unloaded part of it and proceeded on his way, intending to return for the balance. The part he unloaded consisted of 1,170 pounds of giant powder, and he left it stacked upon the side of the road. A mile or two behind him another freighter was approaching, his name was L. Debaud, but he is called "Franchy" for short. Just as "Franchy" came within sight of the boxes, he noticed a coyote standing near them and examining them with considerable curiosity. Picking up his rifle he took a shot at the coyote, and then a curious thing happened. A tremendous explosion took place, in which coyote, boxes and a large part of the real estate in the vicinity disappeared. The stage driver who brought the news was fourteen miles away at the time, yet the shock startled his horses, and he says that there is a hole in the ground where the explosion took place, about the size of one of our city blocks. The powder is worth about \$500 and the coyote's scalp is worth two bits, if "Franchy" could find it.—Phoenix Herald.

The Good Old Times.

"A gentleman who resides in Bath, Me., recently gave the item of a trip to Florida, which he and his wife took thirty years ago. The same trip, which is now taken in two days from Portland at an expense of about thirty-five dollars. Boston to Portland, via Steamboat 85 00 Portland to Boston (stage) 64 00 Boston to Portland, via Steamboat 64 00 Portland to Boston (stage) 50 00 Total \$263 00 The time occupied was 14 days and the distance traveled was 2,400 miles, an average of about seven miles an hour.

Saw-Dust for Bread.

In China there are over four hundred species of plants used for food, and the world probably ten times as many. Saw-dust in Sweden is used in bread and found digestible.

A new and surprisingly rich strike of ore is reported in the America mine at De Noon. The miners encountered it in the shaft while mining, on Tuesday evening, and what its extent may be is not yet determined. The ore will mill about \$3,000 to the ton.

Mr. James Tewksbury, of the principal actors in the Pleasant Valley and Tonto Basin warfare of last year, died in Phoenix a few days ago, of consumption brought on by exposure to the mountains during the exciting time of that feud.

Preparations are in progress for a public entertainment to be given by the public school pupils preceding the usual holiday vacation. From all that can be learned it will be a very attractive affair.

Mr. R. J. Fisher, father of Mrs. Lucien E. Walker, returned from De Noon Thursday and started immediately for his home at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Mr. George Benson came in from the Owl Heads this week but returned again with Mr. Wm. Clarke, and will develop the latter's mining properties in that vicinity.

FUN IN A BANK.

Laughable Incidents That Occur in the Centers of Money-Handling.

No one would imagine, to glance upon the grave-faced business fellows who are the tellers and cashiers of banks, that they had, during working hours, any chance to make merry. Yet, says the New York Graphic, it seems that they have their share of fun even in the midst of their most important duties.

"Do funny things occur around a bank?" said one of the graves-looking of the boys in the Park Bank the other day. "Well, I should say so. Most people have an idea that there is nothing except what is prosaic and commonplace in the banking business, but they are altogether wrong. Some of the funniest scenes I ever witnessed happened right here in this bank. I'll give you a sample. Years ago a man whom we will call Jim Simpson, because that wasn't his name, was one of the depositors. Jim was a character. He kept a tavern a few miles out of the city, and did a brisk business. He was a Yorkshire Englishman, stoutly built and over six feet high, with a ruddy face and keen, twinkling eyes.

"Jim used to come in every Saturday and deposit his receipts of the week, often \$200 or \$300. When he came in, he would go through the same performance. Standing by a desk near the teller's window he would take out his big pocket-book, draw out his roll of bills and begin counting them over, leaving the ones, twos, fives and tens each in a separate pile. Then he would pick up the fives, lay them crosswise of the tens, count them again, and the twos across, and so on, through the same process until he satisfied himself that his count was correct. It often took him fifteen or twenty minutes to get his money arranged in shape for depositing.

"One day, when he had an unusually large amount of money spread out before him, a stranger entered the bank, walked up to Jim without saying a word, nudged the old man with his elbow, and pointed to the floor under the desk. The old fellow, of course, had he had dropped a bill, and stooped down to look for it. Quick as a flash the other man swept the pile of bills off the desk, crammed them into his pocket and was out in the street before Jim had time to straighten up. He looked around, saw the retreating stranger, then looked at the place where his money had been, and broke into a loud and hearty laugh. 'Well, I'll be hanged!' said he, then laughed more noisily than ever.

"None of us in the bank had noticed what was going on, and we had no idea what the old man was laughing at. I never saw a person more amused than he appeared to be. He haw-hawed till the walls fairly echoed. It was some time before he recovered his gravity sufficiently to explain what had occurred. He was so greatly struck with the ridiculous nature of the trick that had been played upon him that he seemed to regard it as more than an equivalent for the money he had lost.

"Another man who used to have an account here, whenever he drew any money, always asked for 'small bills, twos and threes,' and he kept up the practice years and years after three-dollar bills ceased to be issued. He kept some Government bonds here and came around at regular intervals to request us to 'cut off them there coupons' for him.

"You have read, perhaps, of the countryman who bought a draft to pay a note which was about due at some bank in a distant city, put the paper in his pocket, imagined it to be a receipt, and only dreamed of his mistake when he received notice that his note was about to be protested. I have known just such cases myself. But people may joke as they like about the country folks; I had much rather do business with them than some of the smart city men who imagine that they know every thing and seem to think a cashier is woefully ignorant if he says he doesn't know.

"An amusing thing took place in our bank a few days ago. A laboring man had been given a check by a well-known contractor, and came in to get his money. I told him he must be identified. The man started, not having the faintest idea what the word meant.

"Do you mean vaccinated?' he asked. 'No, no, I replied, after turning away laugh. 'Bring some body here that knows you are the person named in the check. We can't pay money to people we don't know.' The man departed and returned in about five minutes accompanied by his wife. He seemed heartily surprised when I told him that her identification of him would not be sufficient, and that he must bring some body who was known to the people in the bank. After I had wasted half an hour making explanations the maker of the check happened to drop in and I got rid of my troublesome visitor.

"I have seen men get so angry over a polite request that they may be identified that they actually drew their pistols, and, meanwhile denouncing loudly the man who paid his debts with worthless pieces of paper instead of cash.

"There are as many number of people, sometimes, I think, as many as nine out of ten, who seem to think it no crime to cheat a bank. If there is a streak of meanness anywhere in a man's nature it will crop out when he is put to the test on a question of money. Sometimes I have amused myself by experimenting with men, and find out whether they were honest. There is an easy way of ascertaining. For instance, a depositor hands in his bank-book, together with a number of bills and checks, the amount of which is to be placed to his credit.

"He has made out a deposit ticket, which he holds in his hand while I count the money. 'How much?' I ask. 'What do you make it?' he inquires. I name a sum five dollars or ten dollars larger than I have ascertained the amount to be. If the man is honest he will say that he thinks I am mistaken; but often he will turn around and make out another deposit ticket, fixing the amount to correspond with the figures I have given. Then, of course, I count the cash again and announce that I have made a mistake, and he then backs the money and let him recount it. Men whom nobody would ever suspect of crookedness are often very quick to take advantage of a mistake in their favor. I have seen several wealthy gentlemen who I truly believe would never think of paying any sum, large or small, that got into their hands through a bank clerk's mistake."

HOLIDAY GOODS.

What's the matter with the

RITTENHOUSE ESTATE

Oh! they are all right, you bet.

Well I should smile at the Blankets